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**EPISTLE**

TO THE

**EMPEROR OF CHINA.**

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A  
MOST SOLEMN AND IMPORTANT  
EPISTLE  
TO THE  
**EMPEROR OF CHINA;**  
ON HIS  
**Uncourtly and Impolitic Behaviour**  
TO THE  
SUBLIME AMBASSADORS  
OF  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

---

BY DR. JOHN WOLCOT,  
(*Olim* PETER PINDAR, Esq.)

---

——— *Facit indignatio versus.*

I, who had dropp'd the Muse's quill,  
And long had left th' AONIAN hill,  
Start from my slumber, with my wonted might;  
To scourge a Monarch of the EAST,  
For mocking Monarchs of the WEST,  
A Lord of BRITAIN, and advent'rous Knight.

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**London:**  
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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1817.

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**C. Spilsbury, Printer,  
Angel-Court, Skinner-Street.**

**EPISTLE**  
**TO THE**  
**EMPEROR OF CHINA.**

---

**D**ESCENDANT of the Great KIEN LONG,  
Immortal for his lyric song,  
The PETER PINDAR of the *China* Bards;  
Why AMHERST so disgrace, and STAUNTON,  
Like fools dismissing them to CANTON?---  
How very badly thou hast play'd thy cards!

---

*Nine times knock heads!---a sad prostration!—*  
Degraded, lo! the BRITISH NATION,  
Had AMHERST yielded to thy proud commands:—  
To Kings tho' BRITONS deign to truckle,  
*Once—and once only—down they knuckle,*  
Whene'er indulg'd at Levees to *kiss hands.*

Inform me what their crying sin,  
That thou shouldst banish them PEKIN?---  
For mercy's sake, I hope thou didst not strip 'em,  
Expose them to a grinning mob—  
(For such had been a horrid job)—  
And for its merriment like culprits whip 'em!

---

Know, we were growing all *Chinese*—  
Nought but the Eastern style could please;—  
Witness the glittering gold Pavilion rooms;  
Where (for the noses of the Great,  
His HIGHNESS may vouchsafe to treat)  
Snakes of a size enormous puff perfumes.

Each animal in NOAH'S Ark  
Had fill'd our fam'd SAINT JAMES'S Park;  
From trees huge monkeys by their tails would swing--  
Cats play their gambols—parrots squall—  
Toads, frogs, and snakes, and lizards crawl,  
To rival the rich scenes of *Ying-ming*!

— —

Tow'r'd had Pagodas to the sky,  
Of tuneful bells a vast supply  
Had pour'd their tinkling tones from glades to glades;  
Our rivers had been fill'd with junks,  
Our groves with DRURY's playful punks,  
Inviting shepherds to their secret shades.

That Man of merit, Master NASH,  
Who *never* deals in gaudy trash—  
Tho' ROME and ATHENS at his taste may grin—  
Who, for his Oriental style,  
Has gain'd his PRINCE's gracious smile,  
Had swell'd from CARLTON-HOUSE a Mandarin!

A sparkling pair of coal-black eyes,  
Or brilliant blue of goodly size,  
Had lost dominion—led no more the fashion;—  
But eyes that seem the light to shun,  
Just like a cat's before the Sun,  
With peeping ray had wak'd the tender passion.

The *Roman* nose, a comely feature,  
And celebrated work of Nature,  
Had by a *snub* been robb'd of just renown;  
The cheek with ruddy health that glows,  
Whose blushes emulate the rose,  
Had mourn'd the triumph of a *dirty brown*.

The pouting lips of coral hue,  
Like cherries moist with balmy dew,  
Their velvet thrilling pow'r replete with blisses,  
Had yielded to two bits of skin—  
Teeth black as blackest jet within—  
Of Beaux no more monopolizing kisses.

The bosom white as Alpine snow,  
That *British* Nymphs are proud to show,  
No matter what the season, or the weather;  
This charm of many a blue-ey'd maid,  
In plump luxuriancy display'd,  
Had yielded its fair empire to *tann'd leather*.

And lo ! again, the Ladies' feet,  
That lightly trip from street to street,  
Proud of the praises of the passing people—  
This nice appendage to the leg,  
In shoes no bigger than an egg,  
On sofas plac'd, had slept a splendid cripple.

Our Beaux, in spite of Satire's hoots,  
Had pull'd their beards out by the roots—  
To please the Court, well pleas'd to play the fool ;  
Then, with a pretty smooth smock face,  
The flow'ry walks of Pleasure pace—  
Resembling more MISS MOLLY, than JOHN BULL.



Our Music too had chang'd its taste ;  
No more of quavers a rich waste ;  
The fiddles mute, and mute the Syren's song ;  
Churches and Theatres around  
Emitting deep and solemn sound—  
Tremendous solos from the mighty *Gong* !

Know, EMPEROR, that we feel so sore,  
Lanterns and bells will charm no more ;  
Snakes, and our proud Pavilion, will be foes ;  
The fam'd Pagoda rais'd at KEW  
Delight no more a Royal view—  
Admir'd and courted only by the crows.\*

\* For many years past the constant inhabitants of this superb structure ; a happy imitation of Oriental taste and grandeur.

Why send the proffer'd Presents back?—  
Toys loading many a trunk and sack—  
Toys that might much amuse a Royal hour—  
The *Prince's Mixture* in gold boxes,  
Ordain'd for thy *great* nose, and Doxies—  
Snuff, our Court-nostrils with delight devour.

Methinks I see our ships returning,  
Their colours lower'd in deep mourning;  
No cannon firing for the Expedition;  
I see them sailing up the THAMES—  
Its banks all lin'd with men and dames—  
Distressful objects of a dire derision :

Returning with the blush of shame  
For ENGLAND's darken'd sun of fame,  
How sadly will this tale in Hist'ry sound?—  
‘ Forc'd like poor pris'ners to submit,  
‘ Sublime Ambassadors, and Suite—  
‘ Penn'd like poor cattle that are driv'n to pound!—  
  
‘ Forc'd at TUNKOO to pass a night,  
‘ Without one candle's glimmering light;  
‘ Squeez'd in a dreary dungeon cheek-by-jowl;  
‘ Without a chair, without a bed  
‘ To rest the weary, sleepy head;  
‘ Resembling pris'ners in the old BLACK HOLE!—

‘ Watch’d as they wander’d through the land,  
‘ (QUANG-TAGIN Leader of the Band)  
‘ Just like a pack of hounds towards PEKIN;  
‘ YIN-TAGIN, a sharp Overseer,  
‘ Deputed to bring up the rear,  
‘ Marching in quality of WHIPPER-IN.’

An empty Purse—a String of Stones—  
What Gifts from the *great* Throne of Thrones!--  
Fie, KIA KING \*! how shabbily this looks!--  
Our PRINCE, in loftiness of soul,  
Will bid them in the kennel roll,  
Or fling them to his chimney-sweeps or cooks!--


\* The name of the present Emperor.

Had our Ambassadors indeed  
Vouchsaf'd on floors to knock the head,  
(A-crouch they scorn'd—the nose sublimely bearing)  
Courtiers had said—' Our ample ship  
' Has made a pretty trading trip,  
' And for a paltry *sprat* obtain'd a *herring*.'

PALL-MALL will howl, *poor* WINDSOR mourn,  
Dreaming of Presents in return,  
Loading th' ALCESTE as deep as she could swim ;  
So cramm'd with treasures of the East,  
From stem to stern with bag and chest,  
The straddling Tars could scarcely wag a limb.

Thou never didst vouchsafe, perhaps,  
To cast thine eye sublime on Maps;  
And therefore, fancying thyself all-mighty,  
Hast treated us with pompous scorn—  
Beneath thy notice--beggars born—  
No better than the folks of *Otaheite*!

Know, should Old ENGLAND's Genius frown,  
Her thunder soon would shake thy crown,  
Reduce thee from an eagle to a wren;  
Thine high Imperial pride to gall,  
Force thee to leap the *Chinese* wall,  
To feed on horse with *Tartar* tribes again.



Insulted by a *Chinese* crew,  
Thou knowest what ONE ship dar'd do,  
Which, blazing, seem'd to emulate ALGIERS ;  
Which, for Old ENGLAND's glory fir'd,  
Blew, with a patriot rage inspir'd,  
Walls, guns, and lanterns, all about their ears.\*

Reflect, what BRITONS can perform ;  
Of FRANCE who fac'd the hostile storm,  
(France that on Realms had fix'd her tyger pats) ;  
Then chain'd, his ruthless rage to mock,  
NAPOLEON to a barren Rock—  
By all deserted but his neighbours' rats.

\* In allusion to the gallant exploit of the ALCESTE frigate, Captain MAXWELL,  
against the *Chinese* batteries before CANTON.

'Tis now full time to close th' Epistle;  
Thy pride may bid the Bard go whistle,  
Though thank'd by Monarchs for his *flattering* lays :  
Kings are ambitious of my song ;  
But mark, Successor of KIEN LONG,  
First mend *thy* manners, ere thou gain'st *my* praise.

---

*Moral Reflection on the foregoing Epistle*

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It is a very easy thing  
Indeed, to make a man a *King* ;  
But, since the reign of Kings began,  
How hard to make a *King* a *man* !

THE END.



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*N. B. A Lyric Epistle, by the same Author, addressed to LORD AMHERST and SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, and written at the time of their departure from England as Ambassadors to the Court of Peking, had, by some accident, been unfortunately mislaid, or would have made its appearance before the present Poem. This important production has, however, happily been recovered, and will be shortly offered to the Public.*

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C. Spilsbury, Printer,  
Angel-Court, Skinner-Street.





















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